

POEMS

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

POEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Reserve



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ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY A LADY.

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POEMS



BY A LADY

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

BY A. SMITH

NO. 1. ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON.

THE
AUTHOR'S DEDICATION
TO HER
GENEROUS PATRONS.

I AM truly sensible of my inability to commence author; but necessity compels us to expose what otherwise our judgment would prompt us to conceal.—The following trifles were written with no intention of ever being presented to the view of my most partial friends, but merely to amuse a mind in constant danger of becoming a prey to serious and settled melancholy: early cut off from that class of society it had been accustomed to associate with, it was obliged to seek relief in its own resources. 'Tis unnecessary for me to confess myself totally unskill'd,—untutor'd in the art of poetry;—the discerning eye will discover that at one glance. I have only then to trust, the urgent reasons that force me to make this Work public, will prove

DEDICATION.

a sufficient excuse for my seeming presumption. And let me hope that benevolence, which has already induced my friends to exert themselves in my behalf, will still continue to extend its favouring influence over their hearts on the perusal; then shall I be enabled to look up with confidence to my judges, assured that where they cannot acquit with justice, they will (remembering the motive) condemn with lenity. With a heart truly sensible of the favours I have experienced,

I am, with the greatest respect,

My Patrons'

most devoted,

most grateful,

humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

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POEMS.

TO ADVERSITY.

ADVERSITY! severe, instructing friend,
Before thy lessoning altar, lo! I bend;
Stern monitor! thy precepts keen impart,
To mend, to purify, not break, my heart.

Far from those scenes of elegance and ease,
(My natal rights) from all those joys that please,
Me thou hast banish'd, and condemn'd to mourn
What Independence only can return.

The sprightly dance, the mirth-inspiring song,
Which, in gay youth, I oft' have swell'd among
My partial friends—no more their praise shall meet;
Silenc'd by thee, cheerless alone I weep.

Nor Nature's bounties, nor acquired arts,
Could shield my bosom from thy care-fraught darts ;
Nor pray'rs, nor tears, nor blind regrets, can move
The fix'd decree that's register'd above !

Doom'd to endure the pangs of hopeless love,
To feel those poignant griefs that ever move
The wounded spirit, when with selfish pride,
Those friends look cold on whom the heart rely'd.

Yes, keen Adversity ! thy pow'r I've felt,
And at thine altar lowly have I knelt ;
Severe thy lessons, yet tho' harsh, they teach
More wisdom far than learned sages preach.

Where'er thy footsteps lead, firm Truth attends ;
With front unmov'd, onward her course she bends ;
To the chill hut, or prison's dreary gloom,
Content to mitigate or share the doom.

Far from thy humble dwelling falsehood flies,
Her step unsteady, unserene her eyes ;
Dreading detection as she speeds her way,
Seeking dark mazes, shunning open day.

Hail, then, Adversity ! 'tis thine to prove
 Our guileful foes, our friends that truly love ;
 'Tis thou call'st forth Humanity's soft sigh,
 And chains't with double links each social tie.

If from my chasten'd, truly humbled heart,
 Thou, in compassion, ever should'st depart,
 First 'grave thy precepts firm within my breast,
 And make me then completely, doubly blest !



TO FANCY.

AIRY, light, fantastic thing,
 Ever new—for ever changing ;
 Haste, thy magic treasures bring,
 Bless me with thy flights engaging.

First unto my mind present
 Days to come of blissful joy ;
 Beguiling thus, with sweet content,
 Happiness that ne'er can cloy.

With thee bring Love's fairy form,
 Divest of all his painful darts,
 Yet supply'd with ev'ry charm
 Fam'd for healing wounded hearts.

Winning softness, vows sincere,
 Tender looks, and sighs of rapture,
 Sweets that every sense endear,
 When the soul's a willing capture.

Hither haste, and chear my sight,
As vapour which the trav'ler spies,
Enlivens with its glowing light
The dreary way his journey lies.

Thee I'll thank with pure delight,
As I sip thy balmy pleasures ;
Happy then in Fortune's spight,
Rev'ling in exhaustless treasures.



ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND,

WHO DIED IN THE 22D YEAR OF HIS AGE.

WHY droops my soul, with anxious grief oppress'd?
 Why heaves with pensive sighs my lab'ring breast?
 Ah! wherefore starts the sad, unbidden tear?
 From whence proceeds this gloomy, chilling fear?
 Some unknown woe hangs o'er my wretched head;
 Affrighted health, with peace, my heart have fled!
 Great God! what sounds are those which pierce my ear!
 Whose horror freezes up the balmy tear?
 He's gone! he's gone!—thy friend's for ever fled!
 A voice exclaims—"He's number'd with the dead!"
 The dreadful words still vibrate on my ear;
 Distract my thoughts, my soul with anguish tear.
 Oh! wond'rous sympathy! whence springs thy pow'r,
 To kindly warn us when misfortunes lowr,
 Left with the sudden weight oppress'd we fall,
 Drinking affliction's bitter potion—gall?
 Prophetic soul! how true didst thou portend
 The cruel blow that robb'd thee of thy friend!

Lamented youth! thy friendship most sincere;
Memory retracing, sadly shall revere;
Tho' thou within the silent tomb doth rest,
Thy virtues still shall live within my breast;
Live, while that friend exists thy merit gain'd,
Whose heart thy mild benevolence had claim'd.
Ah! who can Love's triumphant pow'r controul,
Or check his influence o'er the human soul!
The dart relentless pierc'd his youthful heart,
Nor cou'd sweet Hope one chearing ray impart.
Cou'd not his virtues, nameless graces, prove
Shields 'gainst thy cruel shafts, Oh! hopeless Love?
Ah! no; for him thou doom'd, in adverse hour,
To feel the fullest force of all thy pow'r;
In silence borne each agonizing thought,
He murmur'd not at woes dire Fate had wrought;
'Till Melancholy first, then Phrenzy came,
And fix'd their fatal darts within his brain.
Oft' urg'd by her he lov'd to tell his grief,
Nor selfish thus unkindly shun relief,
With trembling fear the secret he reveal'd,
And own'd that love for her his doom had seal'd!
Then to bright hope, to reason lost, he fled;
To distant lands with eager haste he sped.

Sick with heart fever, wretched, and forlorn;
Oppress'd by cruel love, by anguish torn;
No friend to soothe, to watch each lab'ring sigh,
Or wipe the tear, or close his dying eye;
Unknown, unknowing, and unwept, he fell,
Without one friend his mournful lot to tell.
Oft' led by fancy, I have view'd his grave,
Oft' dropt a tear where his remains are laid;
Oft' seen that form, once pleasing to my sight,
Grown loathsome, ghastly, hid in endless night;
That eye, which erst expressive, brightly shone
At others' weal, regardless of its own,
Or melting with soft pity's balmy tear,
Bade sweet humanity its charms revere—
No more shall give to misery its boon,
But clos'd and dim lies sunken in the tomb:
That voice no more shall chear my languid hours,
Soothe every care, or raise my sinking pow'rs;
That form no more shall grace the festive board;
He's gain'd that Heaven to which his virtues soar'd!
God's awful will hath call'd his spirit forth,
In mild compassion, not in vengeful wrath;
The almighty Father heard each struggling sigh,
Snatch'd him from pain to boundless bliss on high.

A few, few years! and I no more shall weep—
He'll wait to waft me to my Maker's feet :
There joys supreme, unnumber'd blessings, flow,
To welcome happy spirits from below!
Within my breast I feel a cheering ray,
To guide me on my darken'd, stormy way ;
'Tis Hope ! that heav'nly token, kindly given
To man, as earnest of a future Heaven ;
A blest assurance of an after state,
That makes us patient—bear our present fate :
Whene'er repining sighs heave my sad breast,
Hope shall bring peace, and calm my soul to rest.



THE LILLY OF THE VALLEY.

HUMBLE floweret of the dale,
In nature's simplest habit drest,
Sweet thou scent'st the passing gale,
As it lightly fans thy breast.

Shelter'd by thy lowly state,
Rude winds ne'er assail thy worth;
Secur'd from harm by tender fate,
Safe thou rest'st on lap of earth.

Thus oft' we real merit find,
When rob'd in meek humility;
Secur'd from Envy's blasting wind,
Whilst skreen'd, sweet Modesty, by thee.



PASTORAL.

I ONCE gaily danc'd on the lawn,
With a heart that was happy and free,
I carrol'd both ev'ning and morn,
As blithesome as blithesome could be.

The shepherds wou'd whisper soft love,
And tenderly urge their fond suit;
But none could my bosom e'er move,
To all I was equally mute.

Gay Corydon play'd with such taste,
He charm'd all the lasses around;
But how vainly his time did he waste,
For 'twas me he designed to wound.

Young Palemon sung with like art,
E'en Echo resounded his praise;
He pleas'd but he warm'd not my heart,
Tho' plaintive and sweet were his lays.

With Daphnis, the witty and free,
I've romp'd and I've sported awhile ;
Yet the fairings he bought with such glee
I only repaid with a smile.

Thus happy and swift pass'd each hour,
Devoid of all sorrow and care,
I merrily laugh'd at love's pow'r,
As we tript to the wake or the fair.

One ev'ning, so mild, so serene,
That zephyr scarce wav'd th' full corn,
A shepherd appear'd on the green,
More lovely than fancy can form.

His hair, unadorn'd by art,
Wanton'd carelessly o'er his fair brow ;
His eye, arm'd with love's fatal dart,
Made me feel—ah ! I cannot tell how.

He advanc'd with so winning an air,
That my heart it beat quick in my breast ;
He gaily saluted each fair,
But 'twas me that he chose from the rest.

Together we led the dance down,
Each shepherdess envied my bliss,
And the shepherds they gave him a frown,
When he hastily snatch'd a fond kiss.

As homeward, by light of the moon,
We walk'd, with the lads by our side,
They vow'd that they'd part not so soon,
But slyly away did I glide.

Thus sportingly stol'n from the rest,
We hid us behind an oak tree,
Where, with raptures that can't be express'd,
He swore that he lov'd only me.

With blushes I heard each fond vow,
As he tenderly knelt at my feet,
And I own'd—but I cannot tell how—
I own'd that his kisses were sweet.

But he's false and as fickle as wind,
This many a nymph can declare;
For inconstancy's stamp'd on his mind,
Tho' his face is so blooming and fair.

He's gone—and no longer can please
The sports of the wake or the plain;
The shepherds all tauntingly tease,
And each shepherdess laughs at my pain.

Sad cypress I'll bind round my brow,
For again I shall never know peace;
I'll hang up my lute on a bough,
For its music must ever now cease.

Then friendless I'll wander from home,
In search of the youth that I love;
And if his hard heart I can't move,
I will silently sink to the tomb.



AN ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

GREAT God of smiling, bounteous nature !

Dread Father ! hope and lord of all !

Prostrate before thy throne, with holy rapture,

Behold an humbled mortal lowly fall.

How vast thy pow'r ! how infinite thy love !

Diffusing round ineffable delight :

It lives ! it breathes ! where'er thy creatures move,

Each sense it glads, and charms the ravish'd sight.

If to the earth I bend my wond'ring eyes,

How good, beneficent, dost thou appear !

If up I raise them to the speaking skies,

My soul's impress'd with rev'rent awe and fear.

When I behold th' glorious orb of day,

Resplendant shining in its wide domain,

My grateful homage chearful then I pay

To him who does this feeble bark sustain.

When th' pale moon in pensive grandeur reigns,
 Adorn'd with all the beauteous gems of heaven,
 Silent I bow to that blest Power, which deigns
 To soothe a wretch by wordly tempests driven.

Father of Mercy ! hear my ardent prayer—
 Guard me, Oh ! guard me on my erring way ;
 Teach me submissive adverse fate to bear,
 Till Thou shalt call me to the realms of day.



ARTHUR AND ELLEN.**A TALE.**

NEAR a brown wood, whose close embow'ring shade
Rises with grandeur on a sloping hill,
Where the pale primrose blooms beneath the glade,
On the soft margin of a purling rill—

Stands a fair structure, elegantly neat ;
Its simple front array'd in purest white ;
Nor meanly rustic nor superbly great,
By taste and nature form'd to give delight.

Around the casement furls the purple vine,
Whose wild luxuriant branches, curb'd by art,
Together with the rose and jess'mine twine,
To glad the sense and charm the humble heart.

Retir'd from worldly cares, in this sweet spot
Lives virtuous Emma, eminently good ;
Severely keen had been her youthful lot,
But lenient time had check'd the sorrowing flood.

Full sixteen years had pass'd since, in her prime,
Her hand she blushing gave a noble youth ;
But envious Fate doom'd them to part, 'ere time
Matur'd the promis'd blessings of their truth.

For, train'd to arms, his country's urgent claim
Call'd him to wield his sword for freedom's laws,
Where bravely fighting, 'midst the thousands slain,
Report proclaim'd him fallen in her cause.

Scarce had the moon nine times fulfill'd her course,
Ere the sad rumour reach'd his hapless wife :
Ah! wretched mother! doom'd to feel the force
Of Nature's pangs, while yet thy woes were rife

'Twas then the beauteous Ellen first saw light,
And back to life a tender parent call'd ;
The expiring Emma heard with faint delight,
And nature liv'd, tho' long by death appall'd.

Since when retir'd unknown in this retreat,
The widow with her orphan daughter dwells,
Her every joy, her pride, her bliss replete,
Save for the tear her Lord's remembrance swells.

With fond maternal care she early taught
 Her artless tongue to lisp a father's name,
 And thus impress'd, the smiling infant caught
 Those virtues that had grac'd her sire's fame.

As reason dawn'd, she mild instruction gave,
 Which with attentive ear her pupil heard ;
 From precepts moral, serious, and grave,
 She prais'd fair virtue, and from vice deterr'd.

Oft' would she say—" 'Tis not that sparkling eye,
 Those lovely locks that graceful shade thy brow,
 Those smiling lips that with the coral vie,
 Nor that fine form—can heal one pang of woe.

" These are but Nature's gifts to many dealt,
 To some, alas ! the seeds of sorrowing care ;
 But virtue needs be only seen and felt,
 To make the homely face appear more fair.

When Cherub pity glistens in that eye,
 In soft compassion for another's woe,
 'Tis then I view thee with a rapturous sigh,
 'Tis then thy beauties in full radiance glow.

" When that fair hand in charity's outstretch'd,
 To chear the woe-worn wretch's sickly breast,
 'Tis then each charm enchanting shines enrich'd,
 Whilst blessing others, thou seem'st doubly blest."

Now fifteen years had lovely Ellen bloom'd,
 With native ease and elegance refin'd,
 When doom'd unconscious by her charms to wound
 A kindred soul, by kindred virtues join'd.

Arthur, the hope, the boast of all his race,
 His father's pride, his mother's only joy,
 In whom fair Nature shone with loveliest grace,
 Tho' manhood scarce had stamp'd the blushing boy.

To shun the heat of Noon's meridian beam,
 By Fate directed sought the embow'ring wood,
 Where careless wand'ring, through a break was seen
 The rural plain on which the cottage stood.

Surpris'd, he hastes to view the sweet domain,
 Admires the unknown owner's graceful skill,
 Thinks what bless'd harmony *within* must reign,
 Which so *without* each separate doth fill.

As thus he gaz'd, fair Ellen met his sight,
 Bounding with rapture o'er the grassy lawn ;
With smiles of innocence, of pure delight,
 She ran to meet her mother's much lov'd form.

Arthur beheld her with entranced eye,
 And as the lovely girl still nearer came,
The virtuous tenant of his breast beat high,
 While painful pleasure throbb'd in every vein.

Love, to secure his conquest, slyly blew
 The hat from off her animated face,
But Modesty as quickly o'er it threw
 An artless lock, and thus supply'd its place.

First he resolv'd the beauteous maid to greet,
 And swift advanc'd, his purpose to declare ;
But the sly god as swift arrests his feet,
 Whispering—" Ah! hold, it may offend the fair."

Enwrapt in thought, towards home he bends his steps,
 Now quick with hope, now tardy with despair;
Thus passion cooler judgment oft' o'erleaps,
 Nor wins the prize from over anxious care.

Arthur's no more the pride of festive boards—
 No more his chearful smile's diffus'd around ;
 Within his heart a secret grief he hoards,
 And pines where pleasure's varying joys abound.

Who can describe the father's anxious care,
 To see his darling hope thus blighted droop !
 Or who the tender mother's wild despair,
 When death, she fear'd, had sap'd his youthful root.

Unus'd to plant the thorn in either breast,
 The unhappy youth wou'd oft'times fly his home,
 In solitude to court the sweets of rest,
 Oft' wou'd he seek the wood's impervious gloom.

One evening, ere the golden sun declin'd,
 Ellen too sought the silent shady wood,
 Where with enfolded arms and head reclin'd,
 Pensively musing, love-lorn Arthur stood.

What fears, what trembling pleasure, seiz'd the maid,
 When she beheld his manly, graceful form !
 Oft' to escape her treach'rous feet essay'd,
 But lur'd by pity, oft' she does return.

With eyes suffus'd, bent lowly to the earth,
 Lost in himself, he neither sees nor hears,
 Contemplating her charms, her fancy'd worth,
 He starts—and full before him she appears.

Impell'd by Love's resistless power he flew,
 And kneeling, her reluctant hand he seiz'd—
 “ Ah! thoughtless Ellen! 'tis in vain you sue,
 Vain is your wish to go, or look displeas'd.”

The youth, with modest yet with earnest grace,
 His pure, his ardent passion now reveals,
 While o'er her bashful, half-averted face,
 A timid, blushing, sweet confusion steals.

With added lustre still more brightly shone
 His fine expressive and imploring eye,
 While thus he spoke, in heart-felt piercing tone,
 “ Ellen, 'tis you I love—for you I die!”

In silent agitation stood the maid,
 'Till all her mother's anxious doubts and fears
 Rush'd on her mind ;—'twas then she falt'ring said,
 “ Ah! let me go—Ah! spare my mother's tears.”

Retreating soon the winding path she gains,
From whence the little cot appears to view ;
Securer then a side long look she deigns,
And at that glance a new sensation grew.

How chang'd is Allen ! ah ! how thoughtful grown !
Fled is her chearful look—her sprightly mein ;
Alas ! they're with the lovely stranger flown,
Whom oft' she wishes she had never seen.

Arthur's elate!—how different now's his air !
Peace on his brow hath fix'd her smiling throne ;
For Hope assures him he shall gain the fair ;
Inspir'd by her, he gaily seeks his home.

Again the hall resounds with lively feet,
Again the minstrel plays with added glee ;
The aged tenants haste their lord to greet,
And bless the happy day they've liv'd to see.

The good Sir Arnold earnestly entreats
His son wou'd speak the cause of this glad change ;
He with respect his father's wish now meets,
And owns that love for Ellen made him range.

Straight to fair Ellen's cot their steps they bend,
 The youth and sire to gain the wish'd consent,
 Where in good Emma he beheld a friend,
 Still mourn'd as dead, but for this bless'd event.

Approving smiles now crown their happy choice,
 Ellen may free confess her artless love ;
 But Prudence cautious cries, with tender voice,
 Children, you're yet too young life's cares to prove.

In Love's soft trammels bound, he wastes each day,
 Till rous'd by honour, every nerve is fix'd ;
 " To arms," she cries, " nor thus ignobly stay ;
 Secure's thy conquest, whilst by me inspir'd.

" By glorious deeds deserve the matchless maid,
 Atchieve by noble acts an hero's name ;
 Gather the laurel that can never fade—
 Twin'd with the myrtle it shall grace thy fame."

Firm in his purpose quick his home he leaves,
 And breaks to Ellen what his heart design'd,
 Which as she hears a piteous sigh she heaves,
 When thus her father's soul inspir'd her mind—

“ Need I repeat how much I love that form,
How much I prize each feature of that face—
But more thy honour far my breast doth warm,
Than all thy manly beauties blooming grace.

“ Go, much lov'd Arthur, and successful tread
The path where glory may thy steps attend;
But if thou art doom'd to number with the dead,
Again to love thy Ellen ne'er shall bend.”

With studious care the youth employs his time,
Till his fair name's enroll'd 'midst heroes brave,
That's call'd by duty to a distant clime,
Their own and their dear country's right to save.

At length the last sad parting hour arrives!
The greatest grief by far they e'er had felt:
Each to conceal the rending pang now strives,
While to confirm their mutual vows thy knelt.

Forth from her beating breast a gift she drew,
Enshrin'd within an auburn lock he spies;
Quick to his lips with eager haste it flew,
And oft' he kiss'd it, and as oft' he sighs.

While round his neck the simple pledge she ties,
This ardent prayer she fervently breathes forth—
“ Oh ! may it guard that much lov'd heart I prize
From each fell deadly foe's destroying wrath.

Once more he folds her to his throbbing heart,
Once more he kisses off the pearly tears;
And now resolv'd courageous to depart,
Springs from her arms, and instant disappears.

But as he quits reluctantly the shore,
Oft' doth he cast a lingering look behind ;
Oft' with uplifted hands and eyes implore
That God wou'd soothe his gentle Ellen's mind.

Where the loud cannons echo from afar,
Where hostile weapons glisten o'er the plain ;
Where the wild havoc of destructive war
Bids murder, fire, and desolation reign.

Where the vile slaves of despot powers appear,
Hireling for gold to honour's laws unknown ;
But where the sons of Freedom dear
Fight for that cause each Briton's heart must own.

The youthful Arthur first unsheathes his sword,
 Proud for his country's rights to dare his fate,
 Hoping that Fame his courage wou'd record,
 And to fair Ellen all his deeds relate.

His gallant mein, attention to command,
 Early had gained each veteran soldier's praise,
 But most the noble leader of the band
 Felt warmest friendship in his bosom blaze.

In many a desperate skirmish he'd beheld
 The youth advance with dauntless front unmov'd,
 For thirst of glory his young bosom swell'd,
 And oft' in action he'd his courage prov'd.

With anxious care he view'd his rising fame,
 Pleas'd to behold the laurels hardly won,
 From off the embattled and ensanguin'd plain,
 As tho' he'd been his darling, only son.

Now the fell hosts in dread array appear,
 A last decisive victory to gain ;
 Death stalks amongst them, but no tim'rous fear,
 That flies from danger, and that shrinks from pain.

Where danger is there Arthur foremost leads,
Dealing destruction on his valiant foes,
And many a brave and noble warrior bleeds;
For victory follows wheresoe'er he goes.

Like a strong torrent sweeping o'er the plain,
Spreading dismay on all who dare oppose,
Mounting on thousand bodies newly slain,
Behold him 'midst the thickest of his foes.

Fierce boils the heated blood in every vein,
Urging rash ardour to a desperate length;
And now encompass'd, see him proud disdain
To yield his fame but with his life or strength.

Brave Edmund, whose quick, watchful eye
Perceiv'd his danger, rushes boldly on;
Arrests the arm Revenge uprais'd on high,
And hurls its owner 'midst the deadly throng.

See the pale victims of despair swift fly,
The conqueror's well directed steel to shun;
To the dark wave some yield their latest sigh,
Some down the dreadful steep are forc'd to run.

Sated with slaughter, now the God of War,
With grim delight surveys the heaps of slain;
In sullen silence mounts his blood-stain'd car,
Whose clotted wheels drag slowly o'er the plain.

For helpless orphans' cries, for widow's moan,
No pity doth his ruthless bosom know;
The piercing shriek, despair's sad heartfelt groan,
Move not his fix'd design of future woe.

But see, bless'd smiling Peace once more returns,
Waving her prosperous olive o'er the land;
To gain his home each hero's bosom burns,
And soon recall'd, they croud the sea-beat strand,

Proudly each vessel scuds before the gale,
As if she conscious knew the prize she bore;
With joy their native clime again they hail,
And eager jump upon the long-left shore.

With every winning speech the youth intreats
Lord Edmund still his erring steps would 'tend,
He gains consent, his bliss is near complete,
For towards his home with eager haste they bend.

A speedy messenger is quick dispatched,
Bearing the tidings of their safe return ;
Ellen's expecting eye, that long had watch'd,
First sees the stranger, and his business learns.

What anxious transport swells his parent's breast !
When all assembled wait the son's return ;
Ellen's poor fluttering heart knows little rest—
A breath now starts her, now she chills, she burns.

Hark! thro' the hall resounds, He comes, he comes !
The youthful warrior with his friend is seen !
Eager to view their lord each vassal runs,
And all his praises speak in different theme.

Swift thro' the throng he springs to Ellen's arms ;
But scarce had he encircled her around,
Ere a faint shriek his fear-struck ear alarms,
And lo! the pallid Emma sinks to ground.

Great God! great God!—exclaim'd the noble Chief,
Do I behold my long lost Emma here !
Oh, live! Oh, speak! Oh! heed thy Edmund's grief!
Revive, look up, my love! my wife, most dear.

O'er her pale, ashey cheek the faint blush flies,
 Proclaiming life—wildly gazing on his face—
 “Sure 'tis a dream! I thought thee dead,” she cries;
 Then press'd him closely in a fond embrace.

When thus Lord Edmund spoke—“True, I did fall,
 Cover'd with wounds amidst ten thousand slain;
 But a brave foe, ne'er deaf to Nature's call,
 Perceiv'd I breath'd, and bore me from the plain.

“To his kind wish my doubtful life was given,
 Tho' long my wounds gave cause for his despair;
 When with returning sense I learnt that Heaven
 Had robb'd me of my tenderest, dearest care.

“That thou with grief at my sad loss had died,
 In prematurely giving thy infant birth—
 “My country no more I'll view,” I cried,
 “Where perish'd thus untimely so much worth.”

“Ne'er, ne'er should I have seen my native clime,
 But for the virtues of that noble youth;—
 Ne'er shou'd I thus again have claim'd thee mine,
 But for his constancy and well-prov'd truth.”

“ Oh ! blind, weak mortals ! ” sigh’d the happy wife,
 “ For ever seeking what they’d most avoid ;
 Depriv’d in thee of ev’ry joy of life,
 I forg’d the tale which has our peace annoy’d.

“ That thus retir’d, I might myself devote
 To this sole pledge of my lov’d, honor’d lord,
 For whom I liv’d and breath’d, on whom I doat ;
 Nor blush I to present my lovely ward.

“ Behold, in all the dignity of charms,
 The beauteous Ellen silent, awful kneel.”
 The enraptur’d father snatch’d her to his arms,
 While down his cheek the tears of joy soft steal.

“ Arthur,” he cried, “ my valiant son, advance ;
 Take this best gift a parent can bestow.
 Oh ! may her virtues each lov’d charm enhance,
 While round your heads life’s choicest blessings flow.

Mutual congratulation now abound,
 Nought but gay joy and chearful mirth is seen ;
 The happy news is quickly spread around,
 And Arthur’s fame is lisping infants’ theme.

Next morn the blooming pair by love were led!
 To Hymen's altar, deck'd by Honour's hand ;
 The sacred shrine its purest fragrance shed,
 While they united were in firmest band.

Long may they live kind Heaven's peculiar care,
 And may such bright examples ne'er depart ;
 But when Death's fatal lance shall strike the pair,
 Still may their virtues live in each fond heart.



On a young Lady's wishing she was like ELLEN.

How needlessly you wish, sweet, artless maid,
You were possess'd of beauteous Ellen's face!
Look in your glass—you there will see display'd
The lovely girl in all her native grace.

There too you'll see her unaffected air,
Her mild benevolence, her sprightly mein;
Like her behold yourself a mother's care,
A mother's pride, her boast, her darling theme.

Thy ardent wish thou'st gain'd—then, blooming Fan,
To paint thy simple charms the Muse design'd;
If Ellen's *fancy'd* worth your friends shou'd scan,
In you th' bright *original* they'll find.



THE MOTH.

AH! simple insect, why thus wheel thy flight
Around the glowing taper's treacherous light?
Ah! hie thee, speed thee a securer way,
Nor sportive thus with thy destruction play.

How oft' my hand in pity I've stretch'd forth,
To warn thee from the flame's destroying wrath;
As oft' dost thou return, nor heed'st my care,
Thou see'st not danger, and thou know'st not fear.

Ah, me! too sure thou'st burnt thy downy wings;
Alas! thou'st wounded thy poor quivering limbs;
The hand that could not save thee cannot heal,
But must in death thy bugle eye-balls seal.

Thus the sweet maid, whom artful love enthrals,
Delighted plays, till heedlessly she falls;
When Heav'n in mercy hears her contrite sighs,
And takes her trembling to the pitying skies.

SONNET.

LOVE! sly boy, whose dimpled smiles
 Wins each soft, unwary heart,
 With what care thou spread'st thy toils,
 Ere thou point the unerring dart!

Doubt and Fear, thy true attendants,
 Artfully thou dost conceal,
 'Till thou hast made us sure dependants
 On thy proud, tyrannic will.

Then to torture more severely,
 Cruel, smiling, wanton boy,
 A glimpse of hope thou giv'st us merely,
 Whilst our peace thou doth destroy.



On a beautiful little Girl, Daughter of my Friend.

SWEET bud of mutual fond love,
Ne'er may the breath of sickness blight thy spring!
But ever as the varying seasons move,
May health and strength their choicest treasures bring.

Then shall thy opening beauty bless
The fost'ring care that rear'd thy infant head;
Then shall the tear of gratitude express
Thy joy to see thy blooming fragrance spread.

Oh! may no rude, unfeeling hand
Crop thy rich fulness in its beauteous prime,
Nor hopeless passion's fatal band
'Round thy young heart its baneful influence twine.

But on thy lovely head at morn,
May heavenly dews refreshing coolness show'r;
At noon, the sun of fond affection warm,
And evening friendship gild thy latest hour.

DESPAIR.

Hope, wearied out, hath fled my sinking soul,
 Nor left one gleam to cheer my darken'd way;
 Contending passions rage without controul,
 And each in turn usurps unbounded sway.

First, Poverty, with all her ills, assails
 My trembling mind; she comes with hasty stride,
 Remorseless freezing all life's prosp'rous gales,
 Whilst Pride and Malice sneeringly deride.

See, Jealousy! with jaundic'd eye, appear,
 Whose tortur'ing train seize my distemper'd soul;
 Gloomy Suspicion, Hate, Love, Rage, and Fear,
 With mad'ning Phrenzy, lording o'er the whole.

Next, smiling Pleasure tries, enleagu'd with Art,
 To lure my steps to Vice's 'tangling snares;
 Holds out a cure for my deep-wounded heart,
 A Lethean draught for all corroding cares.

Then cries mild Virtue, " Hold ! see specious Art
 Pleasure's gay path now strews with roses o'er,
 To hide beneath the thorn envenom'd dart,
 That keenly pierces when she's seen no more."

Last comes Despair, with all his murky train—
 Pale Melancholy, wasting Grief, Distraction wild,
 With dire Necessity, offering Life's fell bane,
 Thus *drinks*, thus *dies*—Sorrow's adopted child.



A KISS.

BALMY pledge of earliest bliss,
Emblem fond of chaste desire,
Sweet's thy rapture, heavenly kiss!
When infants' smiles thou dost inspire.

Sacred friendship's silent token,
When 'compell'd by Fate to part;
Expressing more than can be spoken
In the fulness of the heart.

Love's first joy—extatic treasure!
Thrilling exquisite delight!
Source of every real pleasure—
All that can each sense invite.

Though for me thou ne'er again
On the *friendly* lip may smile,
Let no *foe* thy form profane,
And treach'rously my peace beguile.

Then I'll chearly sing thy praise,
 Tho' bereft of thee I wander—
 Tracing back those happier days,
 When thee and I ne'er thought to sunder.



Love's first joy—eternal measure!
 Thrilling exquisite delight!
 Source of every soul's pleasure—
 All that can each sense invite.
 Though for me thou ne'er again
 On the friendly lip may smile,
 Let no for thy form profound,
 And trash'rously my peace beguile.

ON THE SUPPOSED DEATH
OF
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CRAUFORD,

Who was wounded and taken Prisoner, during our Defeats of the
French Republican Army, commanded by General JOURDAN.

MOURN, mourn, Britannia! for thy darling son!
Fallen in the battle ere 'twas bravely won.
Crauford the valiant's number'd with the dead!
The fatal ball hath pierc'd his manly head.
Weep, weep, ye friends, dear partners of his heart,
That virtues such as his should e'er depart.
But lest you sink, oppress'd by the great woe,
Behold! they pour destruction on his foe.
Fame, sound the trumpet! loudly spread afar,
Victorious Austria shines in deeds of war!
Join'd with subduing Britons' conquering arm,
The unfading laurels gather'd in our turn.
Now of thy triumphs Gallia proudly boast!
We in our turn can triumph at your cost.
But while we sing the glorious defeat,
See, weeping Honour bends at Death's fell feet

Hark! hark! what voice is that exclaims so sweet—
 With joy, glad joy, let British bosoms beat!
 Crauford still lives!—Bright Victory proclaim,
 Fate gave the blow, to immortalize his name!



THE ROSE.

ENCHANTING Rose! whose lovely head reclines,
With what a timid, blushing grace

Thou shrink'st at Zephyr's gay embrace!
Thy modesty each blooming charm refines.

Sweetest of all the variegated throng,

Thy rich and odor'ous perfume

Thou dost exhale e'en from thy tomb—

Thou pride, thou glory of the Muse's song!

Shou'd Love again round my care-clouded brow

His fragrant myrtle wreath entwine,

Ah! let him too thy gentle sweets conjoin,

Mild emblem chaste, whence all his raptures flow.

Shou'd he again for me prepare his bowers,

Oh! may thy modest blush bepaint my face;

And as it adds to ev'ry charm a grace,

I'll hail thee, lovely Queen of fairest flowers!

AN INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

ADDRESSED TO ———.

DEIGN, deign, sweet Sleep, with tend'rest care, to
show'r

Thy fairest poppies (oft'times wish'd in vain)
On those mild, soft, expressive eyes, whose pow'r
Have taught this heart to throb with anxious pain.

And, Oh! calm Peace, attend that much lov'd form,
While gentle slumbers round his pillow wait;
And thou too, Silence, from each rude alarm
Guard, guard the spot where rests my future fate.

Thee only, Love, with trembling pinions, move,
Flutt'ring their down upon his gentle breast,
Which borne by Fancy to his mind, shall prove
That thee, and thee alone, can never rest.



WRITTEN AFTER A SEVERE ILLNESS.

No more gay pleasure sparkles in that eye,
Once laughing loves illum'd with purest joy,
When light as Gossamar my heart danc'd high,
Nor cou'd pale Care its tow'ring hopes destroy.

In youth's fair spring, unconscious of my fate,
Unheeded pass'd the happy moments on ;
With peace, with sweet content, my breast elate
Priz'd not those joys that never can return.

Then * rosy health adorn'd each native grace,
That sat exulting on my polish'd brow ;
Ting'd every feature of my blooming face,
And bade each op'ning beauty brighter glow.

Alas, poor victim ! had'st thou knowu thy doom,
No beauteous smiles had wanton'd on thy cheek ;
No laughing Loves had chas'd the transient gloom
That dimm'd thine eye when pity bade thee weep.

* I was told, when a child I was esteemed handsome.

SONNET.

TORN from each joy that cheers the social breast,
Doom'd to endure Fate's keenest dart ;
Yet tho' by anxious cares, by grief oppress'd,
Fair constancy upholds my heart ;
For, Oh ! believe it true,
That I love but you.

On thy firm truth my hopes depend ;
Thy tender care can soothe each woe ;
My faithful guardian, lover, friend,
Still, still, my soul some peace shall know,
While you believe it true,
That I doat on you.

Oh ! may some kind, auspicious pow'r
Chear thy lov'd heart—each care remove,
Till that delightful, blissful hour,
When I may truly, fondly prove
That, indeed 'tis true,
I live but for you.

 ADDRESS'D TO ——.

AH ! cruel youth, how could'st thou fly,
 And leave a heart like mine to grief ?
 Ah ! must it disregarded sigh,
 And break, unpitied, for its fond belief ?

The sleepless night, the joyless day,
 To me return with added care ;
 For thou, alas ! art far away,
 Nor hear'st each fond, each anxious pray'r.

Return, and view my fading form,
 My languid eye, my alter'd mein—
 My care-worn cheek, so deadly wan,
 That scarce the faint blush's to be seen.

Then if thou can'st behold unmov'd
 The work of thy successful art,
Thyself the *surest* means will prove
 To cure those wounds thou'st given my heart.

Written by Desire of a Gentleman to his Mistress.

WHEN thinking of thy num'rous charms,
Wild extacy my bosom warms ;
The purple tide impetuous flows,
And passion in each feature glows.

Thy faultless form, thy noble mein,
Around which countless graces seem—
Thy rich, luxuriant, golden hair,
'Midst which Love's 'ticeing snares appear—

Thine eye, of mild celestial hue,
Resembling azure—heavenly blue !
Thy lips, where thousand Cupids play,
Ready to steal each sense away—

Fond memory recalls—then reason, lost
On passion's sea, by chaste desire's tost.
Though pure, so fierce the flame I feel,
Its transports how can I conceal !

Not that thy face is beauteously fair,
 But sensibility's mark'd there ;
 A softer, sweeter, stronger power,
 Than springs from beauty's short-liv'd hour.

Shall I e'er fold thee in my arms,
 Delighted gaze on all thy charms—
 Hear love's sweet accents from thy tongue,
 By rapture feel each nerve unstrung ?

07 Sportive loose thy braided hair,
 By playful fancies chase dull care ?
 Oh! blissful task—exert my skill,
 To prove how much I love thy will.

Shall I too see thee sweetly smile
 On each endearing, pleasing toil ?
 Wilt thou reward me with a kiss,
 The summit of my earthly bliss ?

Then, then, supremely bless'd, each morn,
 Health would crown this fading form,
 And pleasure sparkle in that eye,
 Which now but speaks—for thee I die !

Oh! shou'd kind Heaven bestow on thee
The power to love—and love but me!
Content my breast would beat elate,
Nor e'er repine at past sad fate.



SONNET.

GENTLE love! source of bliss! life's dearest charm!

Let thy smiles chear my heart and chase despair;
Ah! dip thy dart in Hope's sweet soothing balm,
That potent power which lulls each heart-felt care.

Lead me, Oh! lead me to thy blissful bowers,
Where modesty with virtue's surely found;
Where ever blooms those bright, unfading flowers,
Fair truth and constancy smiling around.

Deign, then, soft pow'r, to hear my ardent pray'r—
May the dear youth I love those charms possess!
Oh! grant that I his tenderest joys may share,
And make thy votary completely blest.



ADDRESS'D TO

FORBEAR, rash youth, nor thus with anxious care,
Tempt me to prove love's varying hopes and fears;
How can that heart his torturing pangs too dare,
Which owns more sorrows than it numbers years?

Long hath black Fate at my defenceless breast
Shot his dire arrows, wing'd with baleful wrath;
In apathy alone I hope for rest,
Cease then to call my tenderest feelings forth.

For sure thy silence still more strongly pleads,
Than all the study'd grace of flowing words;
Thy true, thy kind affection's shewn in deeds,
Which scorns by winds or rains to be deterr'd.

A liberal soul alone my breast can warm;
I'd spurn a prince, with manners I despise;
Gold, in my mind, possesses scarce a charm,
But love, pure sacred love, I e'en must prize.

Thy unassuming worth hath learnt the way
To touch the finest cords that hold my heart ;
Thy graceful form might gain unbounded sway,
But 'gainst thy pow'r I'll strive with utmost art.



SONNET.

MY Willy doth surpass each lad that trips it o'er the
green,

He dresses neat, and looks sa sweet with his twa
sparkling een;

His form is rare, his face is fair, and lovely is his
mouth;

Sa graceful flows his flaxen hair, he's sure a charming
youth!

Oh! my bonny, bonny blue-ey'd Willy,
My handsome, charming blue-ey'd Willy;
May Heaven protect, and love direct
My handsome, charming blue-ey'd Willy.

When first I met the comely lad, he staw my heart
fra me,

In his tender een saft love was seen, and spake how
true he'd be;

If thus he prove to me, who love with pure, with
constant flame,

I'll surely take the charming youth—Ah! who cou'd
justly blame?

Oh! my bonny, bonny blue-ey'd Willy,
My handsome, charming blue-ey'd Willy;
May Heaven protect, and love direct
My handsome, charming blue-ey'd Willy.

Oh! then how happy should I be—happy beyond
compare;

Each wish I'd meet and make complete, of my dear
only care;

For ev'ry grief I'd find relief, that might his mind
annoy,

His ev'ry pleasure I'd partake, and heighten ev'ry joy.

Oh! my bonny, bonny blue-ey'd Willy,
My charming, graceful blue-ey'd Willy;
May Heaven protect, and love direct,
And bless me with my charming Willy.



Written at the Request of a Lady to her faithless Lover.

IN manners graceful, elegant in form,
Possess'd of charms the coldest breast might warm,
Quick sensibility beaming in thy face,
Diffusing round a sweet peculiar grace.

Adorn'd with all that nature e'er bestow'd,
A soft enchantment round each action flow'd;
Love sat expressive in thy speaking eye,
And seem'd to prompt the tender, feeling sigh.

Thus thou appear'd at first to my fond view,
Thus by thy seeming virtues e'en I knew
My honest heart was lur'd beyond recall,
And by deceit a victim sad I fall.

Ah! wherefore did'st thou take such wond'rous pains
To bind my soul within thy galling chains?
Ah! what avail'd to thee to strike the dart
Thro' my poor wretched, agonized heart?

Oh! tell me, when that thou shalt surely know
The dread effects of thy too-powerful blow,
Wilt thou not drop one sad, one pitying tear,
For her you early forc'd to press the bier?



ADDRESS'D TO ———

CAN I forget what tumults swell'd my heart,
When my charm'd eye first met thy youthful form !
My spotless soul, unknowing specious art,
Embrac'd new joys, nor fear'd the impending storm.

In vain stern Reason, wary Prudence urg'd
Their right of empire o'er my yielding heart ;
From apathy my soul but just emerg'd,
Disdain'd cold precepts they wou'd oft' impart.

What words can paint the exquisite delight,
When thy bright eye express'd an equal fire !
My every faculty was lost in sight,
Where love and hope revell'd with young desire.

The ardent kiss first printed by your lips,
With thrill infective ran thro' every vein ;
Of Love's sweet poison having ta'en a sip,
Eager I drank the heart-corroding bane.

Talk'st thou of faith, thou who so false hath prov'd,
To artless truth, deserving sure respect,
Who saw my peace, my health decline, unmov'd,
Knowing the cause, yet careless of the effect.

Where'er gay pleasure led the wild career,
Regardless of that peace, you wanton roam'd;
Unmark'd by thee the melancholy tear,
That spoke the anguish under which I groan'd.

Exulting vanity had firmly steel'd
Thy breast 'gainst sympathy's enchanting pow'r;
In vain sad sighs my agony reveal'd,
For love was lost 'midst pleasure's transient hour.

When forc'd from thee by rash despair to go,
Where different scens presented nought but pain;
While suffering I have felt for others' woe,
Ah! did not mine some tender pity claim?

Fond, simple girl! how could thou e'er suppose
A heart, that sported with thy earliest love,
Had felt the raptures real passion knows,
Or wish'd thy cares, thy sorrows, to remove?

Hence from my heart, thou vain, destructive guest !
Mem'ry no more recall ideal joy ;
Reason again, ah! calm my throbbing breast,
And quell a passion form'd but to destroy !



THE COMPLAINT.

THE pangs of jealousy my mind have seiz'd,
And all around seems wretchedness, despair ;
My frame oppress'd, sinks pallid and diseased,
A prey to wasting grief and pining care.

“ Ah! where's thy dream of happiness now fled?”
Cries my torn soul, of every hope bereft ;
Where now the smiling hours which love once led,
When firm fixed faith a single doubt ne'er left ?

Art thou, sweet peace, for ever from me flown ?
The dreadful thought near sinks me to the grave ;
Is that lov'd heart now false and treacherous grown ?
I dare not think it, lest I doating rave.

Come, then, blest Confidence, thou guest divine !
Take full possession of my yielding heart ;
Once more I'll taste thy happiness sublime,
And thou and I again will never part.

Then shall the smiling hours with love return,
 Again by rosy health my head be crown'd ;
 The rapturous kiss on my fond lip shall burn,
 And joyous pleasure circle me around.



On my own little Daughter, four Years old.

SWEET, lovely infant, innocently gay,
 With blooming face array'd in peaceful smiles,
 How light thy chearful heart doth sportive play,
 Unconscious of all future cares and toils.

With what delight I've seen thy little feet
 Dancing with pleasure at my near approach!
 Eager they ran, my well-known form to meet,
 Secure of welcome, fearless of reproach.

Then happy hast thou prattled in mine ear,
 Thy little anxious tales of pain or joy ;
 Thy fears lest faithful Tray thy frock shou'd tear,
 Thy pride when ladies gave the gilded toy.

How oft', when sad reflection dimm'd mine eye,
 As memory recall'd past scenes of woe,
 Thy tender heart hath heav'd the expressive sigh
 Of sympathy, for ills thou could'st not know.

Oft' too in silence I've admir'd that face,
Beaming with pity for a mother's grief,
Whilst in each anxious feature I cou'd trace
Compassion eager to afford relief.

E'en now methinks I hear that artless tongue
Lisping sweet words of comfort to mine ear:
"Oh! fret no more—your Fanny is not gone—
She will not go—don't cry—your Fanny's here."

If e'er her mind attains its full-grown strength,
Thy will consigns me to an early tomb,
If in thy sight my thread's near run its length,
And call'd by Thee I cannot watch her bloom—

Oh! heavenly Father, guard my infant child;
Protect her steps through this wide scene of care;
Within her breast implant each virtue mild,
And teach her all she ought to hope or fear.



 ON FRIENDSHIP.

HAIL, sacred Friendship! source of bliss divine!
 Whose presence doth our earthly joys refine;
 'Fore whose pure altar grosser flames expire,
 Whose steady blaze outlives e'en fierce desire;
 Whose warmth celestial social love imparts,
 Sublimes, expands, and purifies our hearts.
 'Tis thine alone to calm the rending sigh,
 To dry the tear that dims pale sorrow's eye:
 'Tis Thine to quell the rage of fell despair,
 Stop the rash hand urg'd on by mad'ning care.
 Nor can the bliss tumultuous love bestows
 E'er equal that which from thy influence flows:
 For thou, with never changing heavenly smile,
 Can each sad tedious hour of life beguile;
 When sinking under Fate's malignant pow'r,
 It's thou uphold'st us in the direful hour—

Points to where brighter, happier prospects rise,
 Where Hope's fair sunshine glads the distant skies ;
 Pour'st the rich balm of comfort on our wounds,
 And bid'st our virtues live on speaking tombs.



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*To a female Friend, on viewing the Grave of her beloved
Daughter, aged three Years.*

HERE innocence, here beauty, peaceful rests,
Nor pain, nor sickness, now her form molests;
Sweet were her op'ning charms, and on her tongue
Engaging sense and soft endearment hung.
Ye sorrowing parents, cease your loss to mourn,
Though from your fondest hopes thus early torn.
Your favour'd angel's 'scap'd those ills severe,
The lot of mortals, be they e'er so dear.
Weep, then, no more, but check the rising sigh;
Ah! dry the tear that swells in each full eye:
Her almighty Father seal'd her for his own,
And to her God the lovely cherub's flown—
Gone, with angelic voice, your cause to plead,
And safe to bliss your trembling souls shall lead.



AN EPITAPH.

HERE flourish'd once a flow'r, in gayest prime,
 But nipt by Poverty's cold chilling hand,
 It shrunk, it wither'd, yet in fairer clime,
 'Twill bloom afresh, and grace a heavenly land.

THE END.

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